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[Jan 1-15-84]

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[15 Jan 1-84]

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[Mar. 24-84]

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[Mar. 24-84]

COPIED COMMENTS.

ALL THAT SAVED HER.

"Maria Jane," said a fond mother, the other morning to her daughter, "did Daniel Johnson kiss you on the steps last night?" "No, mamma, he did not," If the fond parent had said lips instead of steps, it would have troubled Maria Jane to reply.—Daily Tribune.

"BEWARE OF THE VIDDERS."

A license was issued by the county clerk for the marriage of Wm. Gordon and Mrs. Maggie Johnson on the 29th of March. Before the expected bridegroom eloped arrived at the domicile of the widow, however, she had changed her mind and positively refused to marry him. The license was returned to the clerk's office yesterday endorsed, "No property found." We commend to Mr. Gordon the advice of old man Weller to his son: "Sanivil, beware of the vidders!"—Owensboro Messenger.

A PRECIOUS YOUNGSTER.

Little Hugh Bradley, the bright and handsome three year old son of Dr. Bradford, the Representative from Pendleton county, accompanied his father to the House yesterday. During his stay he brought up at the Clerk's desk, where he made a number of very bright inquiries. Finally noticing the venerable Gov. Merriweather, who was temporarily occupying the Chair, he asked: "What does he sit up there for?" "To make us behave ourselves," was the Clerk's reply. "Then, why don't he do it?" was the grave query of the observing youngster. The Clerk gave it up, and the question is referred to the presiding officer.—Yeoman.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

TEACHER—Where is Chuchin? PUPIL—In Ohio. TEACHER—Upon what side of the river is it situated? PUPIL—The north side, and they had a bloody riot there the other night; killed 51 men, wounded 169; burned the court house, nearly beat down the jail, and did everything to be conceived of by a madheaded crowd. TEACHER—What for? PUPIL—The people allege that the courts will not give them justice, will not hang the murderers nor punish crime. TEACHER—Which side of the river do you say Ohio is on? PUPIL—The north; they have plenty of riots up there now, but those blinded by their prejudice against the South can only hear of mobs in our country.—Bowling Green Gazette.

A New Creed.

[New York Times.]

The committee appointed by the National Congregational Council in 1880 to prepare a new creed for the Congregational body has completed its work. The new creed has no leading force except upon such congregations as may adopt it, for the principle of independence makes it impossible for any Congregational Council to exercise authority over congregations. From the character and reputation of the members of the committee it may, however, be taken for granted that they fairly represent their denomination, and that their work will be accepted by a majority of Congregational societies, and so become the distinctive Congregational creed.

The new creed is contained in twelve articles. It begins almost in the very words of the Nicene Creed but the fullness with which that creed sets forth the doctrine of the Holy Trinity is evidently regarded as injudicious by the modern representatives of Trinitarian Congregationalism. Thus where the Nicene Creed says of the Holy Ghost, He "proceedeth from the Father and the Son"—using the term "proceedeth," in its theological sense, the Congregational creed says that He "is sent from the Father and the Son." This change renders it possible for those who, disbelieving the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, deny that the Holy Spirit is of one substance with the God the Father, to be admitted to the membership and ministry of the Congregational body. This is certainly liberal, but with what amazement and indignation would the founders of Congregationalism regard it?

The second article of the new creed deals with the subject of the Divine decrees. The framers of this article have worded it in such a manner that there is not an Arminian in the land who could not cheerfully subscribe for it. If it becomes part of the accepted Congregational creed, Congregationalists will no longer have the right to call themselves Calvinists. In the younger days of the sect it was pre-eminent among all the Calvinistic bodies for the prominence which it gave to the doctrines of election and predestination. The new creed not only knows nothing of these two doctrines, but it abandons entirely the Calvinistic ground as to the Divine decrees which Congregationalism has always occupied.

In regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures the new creed is so worded as to be unobjectionable, either to Cardinal Newman or to the Rev. Herbert Newton. Article V. says: "We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the record of God's revelation of Himself in the work of redemption," and "that they

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were written by men under the special guidance of the Holy Spirit." There is not a word in the article or elsewhere in the creed as to this infallibility of the whole of the Scriptures; not a word that is incompatible with Dr. Newton's assertion that the Scriptures contain the word of God, but that every part of the Scriptures is not the work of God. Thus, the framers of the new creed are content with affirming, not that the whole Bible is infallible, not that the whole of it is a revelation from God, but that it is a "record" of God's revelation, and, by implication, a record not necessarily free from errors. The fifth article will prove very satisfactory to Mr. Beecher, but it is an abandonment of the old orthodox theory of the nature of the Scriptures. Of course the new creed expresses extreme protestant views as to the Holy Sacraments and the Priesthood. These, however, are entirely consistent with old fashioned Congregationalism. In regard to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, of the Divine decrees, and of the authority of Scripture, the new creed marks a long step in the direction of liberalism; and fifty years ago its framers would have been tried for heresy and deposed from the Congregational ministry.

MRS. ANNE GOTE MURDERED.

Shot Through the Head by a neighbor Who Was Prejudiced.

Squire, what do you think of a man who would fire such an instrument of death into the head of a poor unoffending creature, the only sinner of my poor children? As the speaker propounded the above question to Schwab yesterday morning and at the same time wiped a falling tear from his eyelashes, a News Journal reporter, eager for an exclusive and burning with indignation, saw in his mind's eye another jury trial and perhaps acquittal of a cold blooded murderer, his nerves were shocked and his feelings were divided between doubts and fears. Well, go on said the judge as the plaintiff muttered: She never did any one any harm in her life, and my two children, how they will miss her! Is dead? exclaimed the court. Dead is it? I took that bullet out of her heart. You did! exclaimed the court, and when? This blessed day, your honor with my own hand. This is terrible, said the court. Outrageous! echoed the reporter. When did she die? Within one minute after she was shot. Oh, there must be some mistake here. This man is crazy, said the court in an undertone. He may have imagined his wife was shot and has killed her in his attempts to extract this bullet. Why did not you call a surgeon? said the squire. Surgeon, is it? Well I'd like to see the surgeon that could help you if you had that bullet in your heart, said the man, growing indignant and imagining that the court was tampering with his feelings. I know that you will excuse me, I do not know what to do in this case. What is your name and residence? I want to get at the bottom of this trouble, if possible. The city and community at large are growing indignant if their rights are to be jeopardized by reckless and law defying criminals. Yes, your honor, said the man and I suppose this fellow will get off like all of his kind. Not it the court knows itself, said the squire, this time his turn having arrived for growing indignant. Your

name please. Michael Lahey: I live in the west End; anybody can certify to my character out there. Ask anybody about me. Oh, that is all right, said the squire and this inhuman wretch, what is his name? Alexander Johnson. What! the slaughter house man? That's the individual, and no mistake. And your wife's name? Oh! well your honor, you know she's dead. Yes, but see here; I must have her name. Well, you mustn't have her name, said Mr. Lahey. Very well, said the squire, I see you are a little excited Mr. Lahey. Of course I'm excited! why wouldn't I be excited. Now just calm yourself and tell me all the particulars about this case. Who started this trouble; how did it occur, and where is your wife's body now? See here, Judge I'm a peaceable citizen; I never did any one an injury in my life; but if you don't be careful there will be trouble in this court. The reporter began to grow uneasy, and was looking around for a friendly window or cellar door. Where do you think my wife's body is? I buried it decently, like any man. Without an inquest? roared the squire. What did I want with an inquest? Didn't you say that Alex. Johnson shot your wife in the heart with that bullet? said the court, as he toyed with the flattened piece of lead. No, sir; I did not. I said that he shot my nanny goat, that supplied milk for my children to live on. Oh, that alters the case, said the judge, as he gave a sigh of relief. What alters it? Haven't my children a right to live on goat's milk as well as any other kind? Certainly, certainly, said the squire have you any counsel on the matter, and when will you want this case heard. Have I counsel, is it? Well ain't Jimmie Fitzgerald good enough for you? Oh, certainly, said the squire, with a smile, this case will be heard at 10 o'clock Friday morning next. Judge I'll take lemonade, said the reporter, as Mr. Lahey bowed himself out. It's a go, said the judge, but for heaven's sake don't say anything about this to-morrow.

"DONE IT A-PURPOSE."

A Green Young Man Who Didn't Get Fooled by the Circus Lottery.

At Greeley a young man with a faded cardigan jacket and a look of woe got on the train, and as the car was a little crowded he sat in the seat with me. He had that troubled and anxious expression that a rural young man wears when he first rides on the train. When the engine whistled he would almost jump out of that cardigan jacket, and then he would look kind of foolish, like a man who allows his impulses to get the better of him. He seemed so diffident and so frightened among strangers that I began to talk with him. Do you live at Greeley? I inquired. No, sir, he said in an embarrassed way, as most any one might in the presence of greatness. I live on a ranch up the Pandre. I was just at Greeley to see the circus. Did you go into the side show? No, sir, I studied the oil paintings on the outside, but I didn't go in. I met a handsome looking man there near the side show, though, that

seemed to take an interest in me. There was a lottery along with the show and he wanted me to go and throw for him. Capper, probably? Perhaps so. Anyhow, he gave me a dollar and told me to go and throw for him. Why didn't he throw for himself? Oh, he said the lottery man knew him and wouldn't let him throw. Of course. Same old story. He saw you were a greeny and got you to throw for him. He stood in with the game, so that you drew a big prize for the capper, created a big excitement and you and the crowd sailed in and lost all the money you had. I will bet he was a man with a velvet coat and a mustache dyed a deep black and waxed as sharp as a cannie needle. Yes; that's his description to a dot. I wonder if he really did do that a-purpose. Well, tell us about it. It does me good to hear a blamed fool tell how he lost money. Don't you see that your awkward ways and general greenness struck that capper the first thing, and you let 300 other wappy-jawed pelicans saw you draw a big prize and thought it was yours then they deposited what little they had and everything was lovely. Well, I'll tell you how it was if it'll do any good and save other young men in the future. You see this capper, as you call him, gave me a \$1 bill to throw for him, and I put it into my vest pocket so, along with the dollar bill that father gave me. I always carry my money in my right hand vest pocket. Wal, I sailed up to the game, big as old Jumbo himself, and put a dollar into the game. As you say, I drew a big prize, \$20 and a silver cup. The man offered me \$5 for the cup and I took it. Then it flashed over my mind that I might have got my dollar and the other fellow's mixed, so I says to the proprietor, I will now invest a dollar for a gent who asked me to draw for him. Therupon I took out the other dollar and I'll be eternally chastised if I didn't draw a brass lockert worth about two bits a bushel. I did not say anything for a long time. Then I asked him how the capper acted when he got his brass lockert. Well, he seemed pained and I grieved about something, and he asked me if I hadn't time to go away into a quiet place where we could talk it over by ourselves, but he had a kind of a cruel, insincere look in his eye and I said no, I believe I didn't care to, and I was a poor conversationalist anyhow, and so I came away and left him looking at his brass lockert, and kicking holes in the ground and using profane language. Afterwards I saw him talking with the proprietor of the lottery, and I feel somewhat that they had lost confidence in me. I heard them speak of me in a jeering tone of voice, and one said as I passed by: There goes the meek-eyed rural convict now, and he used a horrid oath at the same time. If it hadn't been for that one little coincidence there would have been nothing to mar the enjoyment of the occasion.—Detroit Free Press.

A PHYSICIAN says that nine-tenths of our American wives are totally ignorant of everything that pertains to their own health or that of the healthful rearing of a child.

"No," said, as she sipped the cream it would take his last dime to pay for; "no, I never eat cake myself, but ma says she is getting awfully hungry waiting for a piece of my wedding-cake."

This most recent case of economy is that of a lady in Harlem, who takes the inside of the lemons to make lemon pie, and gives the peel to the servant girl for lemonade.

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[Nov. 1-84]

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[Mar. 2-7-83-84]

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